Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

From "A Psalm of Life," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

From "Sea Gypsy," by Richard Hovey.

Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea—
Past the houses, past the headlands,
Into deep eternity!

Bred as we, among the mountains,
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
Of the first league out from land?

"Exultation is the Going," by Emily Dickinson.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
  And out of a fabulous story
  We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
  Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
  Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
  In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
  And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
  To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
  Or one that is coming to birth.

From "The Music-Makers," by Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

I wandered brooding down a crowded street,
Unmindful of the swarms that eddied by.
"What use to live," I thought "since all must die?
What recompense do tears and hunger meet?"
Just then, when the world-shadows loomed complete,
I chanced to look where the steel walls rose high,
The long stone columns; and my inner eye
Caught a weird flash that vanquished my defeat.

Somehow it seemed the towers were a shrine
Lifted in faith by many a toiling hand,
Lifted with dream and struggle as a sign
Of patterns larger than the builders planned.
Here where steel turrets reached, an endless band,
I read the signature of things divine.

"City Towers," by Stanton Coblentz.